

clation of the insurgents was particularly vigorous on the part of Representative Fitzgerald of New York, who charged them with insincerity in regard to a reformation of the rules of the house. Representative Clark, the minority leader, also vigorously attacked the special rule, and Representative Dixon of Indiana and Representative Underwood of Alabama joined Mr. Fitzgerald in flaying the insurgents. Representative Dalzell defended the rule. He explained that the pending bill was a republican measure, which had been carefully considered in a caucus where there was free and full expression of opinion and ample opportunity to amend, and for that reason it was not deemed proper to subject it to democratic amendment. The democrats, he said, under its terms were given an opportunity to offer a democratic postal savings bank bill as a substitute. Representative Boutell of Illinois replied to the democratic criticism of the republican course by reminding the minority of the tactics they had employed in passing the Wilson tariff bill in 1894."

The new United States customs court sitting as a final court of appeals took up its first case June 7. The court was called upon to determine as to whether certain paints known as "bronze and scarlet lakes" should be assessed at 5 cents a pound or 30 per cent ad valorem by the customs authorities. The case is that of the United States, appellant, against G. Siegle & Co., appellee, importers of paints. The controversy concerns some paints imported from Holland in 1906 on which the firm was required to pay 30 per cent ad valorem. They protested that they should have been assessed 5 cents a pound and their protest was sustained by the United States circuit court for the southern district of New York. All the new court judges were present, garbed in their black silk gowns, when the clerk announced that the court was sitting and ready to proceed with the new docket.

President Taft sent a special message to congress recommending that the clause in the new railroad bill which gives the interstate commerce commission power to suspend rates after sixty days be changed so that the suspension may take effect immediately.

On June 6 President E. P. Ripley of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; President F. A. Delano of the Wabash; President S. M. Felton of the Chicago Great Western, held a conference with President Taft regarding the federal injunction suit against the Western Traffic Association's increased freight rates. Attorney General Wickersham was present.

As a result of the conference with the railroad officials, President Taft's proposition was accepted. The railroads agreed to withdraw their increased rates and not to make any other until the new railroad bill became a law. The president agreed to withdraw injunction suits.

Senator Cullom of Illinois has presented charges against his colleague, William Lorimer. The charges were made by Clifford W. Barnes, president of the Legislative Voters League of the state of Illinois. Lorimer was charged with holding the senatorial seat that had been purchased by bribery. A Washington dispatch to the Chicago Record-Herald says: "Many members of the senate say that even with the submission of the confession of White and the indictments against Browne the senate still lacks definite charges

(Continued on Page 14)



Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

Old Things Coming Back

The other day I happened to pick up a "woman's paper" and the first thing my eyes fell upon was a little notice to the effect that "shawls are coming back."

Then I dropped the paper and began musing. The old-fashioned shawl coming back? My, what a lot of memories that little announcement recalls to mind. The first thing I thought of was that song, "That Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore." A long, long time ago a sweet-faced little girl sat under an apple tree, and to the music of a guitar in her hands she sang that song to me. The same sweet voice sings it to me every now and then, but not under the same circumstances I am not the only listener now—there are six other listeners besides myself.

Let's see, was it a cassimere or a cashmere shawl that mother used to wear. I remember that it was a colored affair, with a fringe handsomely knotted, and that it had to be folded just so—a long corner hanging exactly in the middle of the back, and the front corners meeting just so, with a sort of coat-collar effect around the neck. The shawl father wore wasn't quite so scrumptious. It was a gray wool affair, and mother used to get out of patience with him because he was a bit careless about getting it on exactly right. She had to stand on tiptoes and father had to stoop over so she could arrange it just right, and he always showed signs of impatience. But he had to stand for it just the same.

And those shawlpins! Mother always had a handsome one—sort of a cameo business, all shiny and bright. But father's shawlpin. Say, he never could find it, and unless mother hustled around and got something better he would jab a big long spike-looking affair through his shawl and start out.

Gee, wouldn't you like to see some sweet-faced little old woman approaching you with a handsome shawl draped over her shoulders? There are a whole lot of us fellows who owe more than we can ever tell to those old shawls. When we were babies didn't those shawls keep us good and warm? None of your fussy little dew-dad blankets with knots of baby blue ribbon and pink zephyr for us! Far be it from so! It was one of those thick, warm, soft shawls, and the way mother could hold it up by one end—and I was about to say hold us up by the other—and with a deft motion wrap it around us about 'steen times and have us so snug and warm that we could go right to sleep in a snowbank. Wrapped up in a few thicknesses of shawl we'd be stowed away on the bed in the side room, alongside of a dozen or so similar bundles, and then the mothers would get around the quilting frame in the sitting room and quilt and talk and talk and quilt hours on end.

If the return of the shawl means a return of the quilting bee and the elimination of the "pink tea" and the "kensington," we're going to rejoice doubly.

Of course if the shawl comes back it must bring with it some of the other old-time creature comforts. There is the "nubia," for instance. Say, didn't her face look mighty sweet, crimsoned by the cold wind and the excitement of skating, as it peeped through the folds of that flossy "nubia"? Dog-gone it, was a fellow to be blamed if he just

couldn't stand the temptation and leaned right over and planted a kiss where it would do the most good? If the "nubia" wasn't invented and used for that very purpose then I don't want a cent.

And the "wristlets!" Of course the ones mother knit were just as warm as any wristlets could be, but they didn't begin to furnish the real comfort that was furnished by the wristlets SHE knit! Not much, Mary Ann. The wristlets SHE knit had more colors than Joseph's coat, and while the mother-knit wristlets merely kept the pulse warm, the SHE-knit wristlets kept the heart warm and the mind busy. And if SHE happened to hang them on the Christmas tree, and you got a glance from her eyes as the Sunday school superintendent called your name and you marched up to get the package, all the wool in the world wouldn't make a covering thick enough to make you feel as hot as that one shy glance made you feel. Gee, you can fairly feel that "hot wave" yet, can't you?

But there are some things that can not come back with the shawl and the "nubia" and the wristlet. The vanished years, for instance. And the smiles of faces long hidden by the snows of winter and the flowers of spring. And the echoes of laughter forever stilled. But just the same, is there anything more pleasant than just to sit here for a little while and dream, with half-closed eyes, of the old, old days?

Just the other day I got a little "commencement program" from the old home town down in Missouri, and it contained some well-remembered names. Bless if some of the graduates weren't the sons and daughters of the boys and girls I went to school with in that very same old red brick school house on the hill! Don't it beat all how time flies? Only yesterday you and I were framing it up so we could make the teacher believe we'd actually looked at the lesson before coming to class, and today we are sitting out in the audience, prouder than peacocks, watching our own sons and daughters as they deliver their graduating addresses. Actually, we went to sleep last night mere boys and girls, and here we are today grown up men and women with boys and girls of our own big enough to graduate.

When my father was as old as I am now I was about as old as my oldest girl is now. That is, when father was forty-seven I was twelve, and he seemed to me to be a very old man then. And every now and then, as I loaf around the house and watch my kiddies playing, I wonder if I seem as old to them as my father did to me when I was their age. I hope not. Why, he seemed to me then to be a centenarian—is that what you call 'em? And I don't feel a day over twenty, and if you say I look to be forty-seven, I'll collide with you, so there! I don't look it.

Brain Leaks

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People prone to give advice are chary about taking it.

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